

## **full control** by [harrington\\_ofhawkins](#)

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**Summary:**

Steve wants his turn at being in control for one night.

## full control

You've always known that although Steve *loves* to be your sub, he still goes absolutely wild taking complete control sometimes. Steve wanting to make you cum over and over again until you cry shouldn't come as a surprise to you, but you're completely caught off guard the first time Steve suggests it.

You're getting ready for bed in your shared bathroom on a typical Thursday night when Steve comes up behind you, wrapping his arms around you as he presses you against the counter. He plants sweet kisses along your neck as you watch him through the mirror in front of you, his hands roaming your body slowly.

"Steve—" you giggle, leaning back into his arms as his breath tickles your skin. "What are you doing?"

"What?" he asks, pulling away from you slightly. "I can't show you love and affection?"

"I think you want something more than love and affection right now." you retort with a smirk, referring to his half-hard dick pressing against your lower back through his boxers. "What do you need, baby boy? You can always ask, y'know."

"No, no. I don't wanna be your baby boy tonight." Steve says bluntly, although there's a blush spreading across his cheeks as he speaks.

"Oh?" you say while furrowing your brow at him, circling in his arms

so you're finally facing him. "Then what do you want?"

Steve looks at you with a meek smile on his lips, unsure of how to explain what he wants. He chews on his lip as he contemplates even saying it out loud, but knows you'll most likely enjoy it just as much as he will.

"I—I want you to be my little slut for the night." he replies hesitantly, pupils already blown with lust at the thought. "I wanna make you cum over and over again. Wanna make you cum until you cry and can't take it anymore."

"Holy shit, Steve." you say with wide eyes, and now it's *your* turn to blush at his words.

"What?" he questions, searching you for any kind of hesitancy as he pulls your body flush against his. "Do you want me to do that or not?"

"Fuck—Yes. I'd love it if you did that, Stevie." you say, smirking up at him. "But *can* you do that?"

He narrows his eyes at you as you speak, noticing your challenging smirk as you try to spur him on. Before you can tease him anymore, he smashes his lips against yours and leans down to hook his arms around your thighs, pulling you up to wrap your legs around his waist. Steve fumbles with the door between your bedroom and bathroom but eventually swings it open, leading you towards the bed.

Your back hits the bed when Steve tosses you down and follows suit, crawling on top of you quickly. You can feel his cock straining against his boxers as he grinds lightly against your thigh, letting one of his hands travel along your stomach towards your breasts underneath your t-shirt. A small whimper falls from your lips as he kisses you roughly and reaches to pinch one of your nipples with the same roughness, making you buck your hips against him before he pushes them down.

“You really don’t think I can make you cum until you cry, Princess?” Steve mumbles, trailing open-mouth kisses down your jaw and neck. “You’re already a moaning mess under me and I’m only touching your nipple, filthy girl.”

“I don’t think you can, *Sir* .” you moan, smirking when Steve groans against your skin at the nickname.

“Then you’re in for a pleasant surprise, slut.” he chuckles while rolling off of you.

He gets off the bed and walks towards the dresser, rummaging through one of the drawers quickly. When he turns around, he has your vibrator and a pair of handcuffs in hand, which makes you stifle a laugh at first.

“Handcuffs, really?” you question teasingly as he gets back on the bed, moving to straddle your waist and pin you down.

“Don’t act like we’ve never used these before.” he retorts, narrowing his eyes at you as he grabs your chin roughly. “And you better not be a brat, or I’ll just have to gag you too so you shut up.”

Your eyes are wide with awe as you look up at him, nearly in a trance from his sudden desire for dominance. It’s a sight for sore eyes, though, seeing him with darkened eyes and a lust-driven demeanor. Excitement builds in your stomach as he looks down at you, eagerly waiting for him to continue. He hastily tugs your shirt off and brings you to the head of the bed, looping the handcuffs around one of the poles of the headboard before locking your hands into them.

“Are you gonna be a good slut for me?” Steve asks you once he’s bound your hands, stroking your hair as you nod up at him. “I’m gonna make you cum four times and I’m not gonna stop in between, can you handle that?”

“Can *you* handle that?” you mock once more and Steve growls while rolling his eyes at you, sliding off of you again to pull your underwear down.

Steve is desperate to get into it and wastes no time in settling between your legs, his hands massaging your inner thighs slowly. Your mind is whizzing as he sits there, unsure of what his first move might be. You look to the wand sitting next to you on the bed as he trails kisses along your thighs next to your heat and your stomach tightens again, but he doesn’t seem to be moving towards it. As your eyes are on the wand, Steve takes the opportunity to flick his tongue against your clit. You cry out in pleasure and look back at him, seeing him smirk against you as he continues.

“Eyes on me, Princess.” he teases after pulling away for a moment.

You nod and keep your eyes glued on him, mouth falling open with a soft moan as he moves his lips to your clit once again. He wraps one of your legs around his shoulder to hold you in place and dives deeper between your folds, moving lower so his tongue teases your entrance and his nose brushes against your clit. You cry out as he fucks his tongue into your entrance slowly, grinding against his tongue to gain more friction and pleasure. He only glares up at you and presses your hips firmly against the mattress once again.

Steve trails his tongue up to your clit once more, sucking on it lightly to make you whine loudly. He pulls one of his hands from your hips and moves it towards your heat, teasing your dripping entrance with two of his fingers. You have to bite your lip to hold back a moan when he slides the two fingers into you easily, pressing your hips down to prevent them from bucking up.

“Fuck—Sir, that feels so good.” you whimper, squeezing your eyes shut while throwing your head back against the pillows in pleasure when his fingers pick up speed. “Your tongue is so—so fucking good.”

He groans against you as he continues, adding a third finger as he pumps quickly. You’re already close and Steve can tell, feeling you starting to squirm and squeeze around his fingers. He looks up at you and nods in approval, not wanting to pull away and take your orgasm from you. You let out a cry of pleasure as you let go, clenching around his fingers as you ride out your first climax.

You expect Steve to stop his movements after he milks out your high, but his fingers only slow slightly after he pulls his lips away from

your swollen clit. His mouth is glistening with your wetness and he's looking at you with lust-filled eyes as he pants breathlessly, and you swear you've never been more turned on by him than you are at this moment.

He smirks down at you and continues to pump his fingers while leaning over to grab the vibrator from the bed next to you. You watch him closely as he presses the vibrator against your clit, jumping at the touch even though the wand is still turned off. Steve gives you a warning look once again, pressing your hips into the mattress when he turns the vibrator on.

Your mouth hangs open as he fucks his fingers into you and rubs the vibrator in small circles against your clit, unable to let a moan fall from your lips as pleasure overwhelms your senses once again. Steve groans at the sight of you trying not to squirm beneath him, feeling his cock growing uncomfortably hard in his boxers while fighting the temptation to just fuck you senseless already.

"You're such a little needy whore, aren't you? Look at you, you're such a pretty little mess, moaning and whining over my fingers and this goddamn vibrator." Steve says, picking up speed with his fingers once more. "God, I can't even imagine how fucked out you'll look when you're filled with my cock."

"I—I wanna cum on your cock so bad, Sir." you whine, straining against the handcuffs as you feel a white-hot heat building in your core once again. "I wanna be a good slut and let you ruin my cunt while I cum all over you, please."

"Not yet, baby girl." Steve replies, pressing the vibrator against you harshly to make you cry out. "You gotta cum on my fingers first."

You're so close, I know you are." he continues, groaning at the thought of fucking you after this. "C'mon, Princess. Cum for me now and I'll fuck you, alright?"

"Yes—Yes, Sir." you pant, feeling to coil snap within you once again.

You're even louder this time— *which Steve didn't think was even possible* —and you can't help but let your hips stutter against his fingers, flowing through another orgasm quickly. Steve doesn't even care that you aren't staying still because he's mesmerized by the sight of you coming undone, letting yourself become a moaning mess under him once more.

It's the vibrator that doesn't stop this time when you're finished, but he pulls his fingers from you instead. You whine as he does, feeling dizzy already as he begins to pull his boxers off. Steve tugs his briefs off his legs and tosses them off the bed, getting back between your legs quickly. You nearly moan when you look down and see his cock in his hand, the tip swollen and leaking as he strokes it slowly. He smirks as he watches you pant beneath him, chest heaving as you mewl pleasurably when he teases your dripping folds with his cock.

"You want my cock?" he asks, pushing only the tip in to tease you.

"Please, Sir. Fuck me, make me cum again, I need to cum on your cock. Want you to ruin me and cum inside my cunt, Sir." you plead.

Steve wastes no time in sinking into you, letting his jaw nearly go unhinged when he bottoms out within you. His hand goes slack on the vibrator at first and it almost slips from your clit, but he catches



it and presses against you once more when he starts sliding his length into you easily.

“God, you’re so fucking tight for me. You’re squeezing my cock like you’re never gonna let me go.” Steve remarks through gritted teeth as he controls his hips. “And your pussy is so wet too. Who made you this wet?”

You can only whine in response as his hips pick up speed, your mind clouded with euphoric pleasure making you unable to form any words. Steve’s free hand reaches from your hip and slides up your body, finally resting on your neck. You look up at him breathlessly when he squeezes his fingers around your throat, the look in his eyes is almost enough to make you moan again.

“Answer me, baby girl.” he coaxes, rutting his hips into you roughly.

“You—You make me this wet, Sir. You’re so—so hot and I love your cock so much.” you stammer out as he circles your clit with the want gently, a stark contrast to his brutal thrusts. “T—Thank you for letting me cum for you, Sir.”

“Good girl.” he praises, feeling close to his own orgasm as you praise him. “Keep going, tell me how much you want *my* cum.”

“Oh shit, *please* , Sir.” you whine desperately, hips twitching at the thought of being filled with his cum. “I need you to cum in me, I need your cum so bad. Your cock fills me up so good and I wanna feel you cum deep inside me, wanna keep you in me forever.”

“F—Fuck.” Steve groans, his dick twitching inside you letting you know that he’s about to cum. “Cum with me, I wanna feel you cum on my cock.”

You nod weakly and Steve slams his lips against yours, pulling you in for a passionate kiss as his thrusts grow sloppy and slow. You can feel him releasing into you and you’re not far behind, your walls tightening around his shaft once more as you both cum together. This one’s enough to make you cry, so much pleasure built up behind it that you can barely handle it. It’s a lot to take in and you’re in a daze, but you know that you’ve never felt this good before and you’re loving it.

Steve’s hips stop moving after he spills his load into you but he never pulls out, letting his cock sit inside you for a moment. He pulls his body away from yours to look down at you, noticing the tears falling down your cheeks. His expression softens for a moment, hesitant about continuing, but remembers what he was set out to do.

“Can you handle one more, baby?” he asks gently, brushing your hair from your face.

“Yeah—Yes, Sir. I can handle one more.” you breathe out, body jerking once beneath him as he adjusts the vibrator on your red, swollen clit.

“Good girl. I want you to cum on my cock again, okay?” he says and you furrow your brow at him. “I want to keep my cock— *and my cum*—in you while you cum again. I’m not gonna fuck you, just want you to finish with me inside you.”

You nod and cry out as he presses the wand against you with more pressure, making you writhe beneath him. You're so overwhelmed by the feeling and you want to escape the pleasure, but know it'll be even more earth-shattering than the three before when it comes to you. You try to relax slightly beneath him, but every move you make feels like a sting of overwhelming pleasure running through your body. Steve can tell you're halfway between being too overstimulated and

"You're doing so good baby, I got you." Steve coaxes, eyes trained on where your bodies meet as you whimper softly. "You're so close, baby. Just one more, it'll feel so good. Cum for me one more time."

You look up at him with wide eyes, nearly shaking with built up pleasure as he lets out a string of praises for you, a stark comparison from the words he'd been saying for the last three times. You're already close again, since you've been sitting on the edge of your fourth orgasm since Steve came inside you. The feeling of Steve's cock filling you to the brim as you near your climax brings tears to your eyes once again, the desire to finally get there stronger than ever.

"C'mon, sweetheart. I can— *fuck* —can feel you squeezing my cock so well, I know you're almost there." he says breathlessly, trying to resist the urge to fuck into you again.

Your eyes are squeezed shut as you let out a loud sob of pleasure, finally cumming on Steve's cock once again. Your orgasm is almost blinding this time, sending you into a deep pit of pure, hot pleasure for a moment. He watches you in amazement, mouth slightly agape at the sight of you bucking against him once more. His free hand

holds you close to him, controlling your hips slightly as he assures you he's got you.

"That's it, good girl. You did so good for me, baby." Steve coos as your cries finally diminish into faint whimpers and your eyes open again. "So perfect for me."

Steve leans down to kiss your cheek and wipe away some of your tears as he pulls out of you and sets the vibrator to the side, gently rolling off of you. You look over at him and he smiles at you, taking in your flushed cheeks, teary eyes, and the rest of your fucked-out yet so angelic features.

"Are you alright?" he questions, genuine concern laced in his words. "Was that too much?"

"No, Stevie." you say, rolling over on your side to cuddle into him. "It was perfect, I'm fine. Just tired."

"I bet you are, baby." he laughs, running his hand along your side gently.

"Wanna sleep now." you mumble, pressing your cheek against his chest as your eyes threaten to fall shut.

"No, not yet. How about we run a bath and get cleaned up, okay?" he asks and you whine tiredly. "We have to, sweetheart. Don't wanna go to bed all sticky." he explains, kissing your forehead softly. "I'll go

start it and get you when it's ready for you."

"Fine." you say with a pout when Steve sits up in the bed, watching him walk towards the bathroom.

You drift off into a light sleep as he runs the bath, making sure it's warm enough for you to be comfortable before turning the water off. When Steve returns to the bedroom, his heart skips a beat when he sees you peacefully sleeping, cuddling the pillow he sleeps with. It's almost sweet enough for him to not want to disturb you, but he knows you're both in dire need of a bath. He gently takes you into his arms, scooping you up by your legs and back as you wake up again.

Steve helps you into the warm water and you sigh in relief at the feeling, settling between his legs and against his chest once he climbs in behind you. The two of you lie in the water in silence for a while, reveling in the remnants of euphoria that are still in the air. His fingers comb through your hair gently, massaging your scalp slowly.

"Stevie?" you say and he hums softly in response, letting his chin rest on your shoulder. "I think you should be the dom more often."

"Oh yeah?" he chuckles. "It was that good?"

"Yeah, it was." you laugh, looking up at him over your shoulder. "I shouldn't have doubted your abilities."

"Damn right, you shouldn't have."